The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

For the Spiritual Age.

PHILOSOPHY OF INSPIRATION;

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL—ATMOSPHERIC, NERVAURIC AND SPIRITUAL.

BY DR. JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

The word INSPIRATION, or *in-breathing*, is commonly used in both a physical and a metaphysical sense—referring to the inhalation of air and to the influx of ideas.

Why this double sense? Is the expansion of thought, will and affection so closely analogous to the entrance of air into the lungs, that one word will express both? As one word *does* express both, there must be a reason for it, and we can only say that the intuitions of humanity have from time immemorial recognized the correspondence between *physical* and *psychological* Inspiration, and therefore used the same word for each.

By physical inspiration we draw in life or power from the vast ocean of imponderable forces in the atmosphere in which we "live and move and have our being." Our life is a continual influx. Sever the connection with the atmosphere by which this influx comes, and we drop into lifeless decay, like a leaf severed from the tree on which it grew. This influx through the channels of the blood-vessels, gives vitality to all parts of the body; and if any portion be deprived of its share, it languishes; or if entirely deprived, actually dies. When the influx is checked, the organ thus deprived is gradually reduced by absorption—when it is increased, the organ expands, grows and increases in power.

When we use the entire body vigorously, as in running, hunting, &c., our inspiration is greatly increased, and the influx along the blood-vessels gives general development. In an inactive life, inspiration and influx diminish, development declines, the person becomes puny and insignificant, and the race dwindles to nonentity, becoming at last exterminated by the Divine law which increases the talents that we use, and takes away those which are neglected.

Hence it may be said that we hold our destiny in our own hands, and continually create ourselves or make our own future persons. And when we admire a fine person—manly or feminine beauty—we honor that which is the Divine reward of duties well performed. Development *attests* and *records* cultivation or action. The noble form belongs only to those who obey the law of cultivation and development, and to their posterity.

In all these respects, the psychological is parallel to the physical inspiration, as mind is ever in correspondence with matter. As air is in the interior of the lungs, so is thought in the interior of the intellectual faculties; and as the lungs are replenished from the vast depths of the atmosphere, so are the intellectual faculties replenished from the vast ocean of thought around us—from the infinite ideas embodied in creation. And as the body could have no life or development, if not supplied by influx from the air, so the mind would remain undeveloped or sink back into disorganization without the influx from the Divine Wisdom of Creation, which develops the childish into the adult mind, and whhic, if still received freely, develops the adult into a sage.

As the physical influx develops those organs of the body into which it is received, so the intellectual influx develops the mind, and its material organ, the brain. And as we control the development of the body by action, which brings influx, so we control the development of the mind and the brain by the action of our faculties and their organs.

Physical and intellectual inspiration proceed together harmoniously. Whatever increases physical inspiration favors the intellectual influx—and thought increases the *frequency* of respiration and pulsation, as we may observe in the difference of breathing and of the pulse between sleeping and waking.

As physical and intellectual inspiration thus correspond, so there is a general correspondence between the mind and the body, through the brain, which is explained by the science of SARCOGNOMY. The intellectual organs of the brain have their specific sympathy with the bronchial region of the body; and this sympathy is so marked that bronchitis has for one of its symptoms a pain in the forehead.

But, it may be asked, is there no other inspiration than this? Is the inspiration of the poet, and especially that of the *prophet* and *seer*, nothing more than a larger influx of Divine wisdom from nature, through the channels of the senses, and the accumulations of other minds? Is there no other inspiration than that of study and meditation? Is there no direct inspiration from the spiritual world and the sphere of the Divine? Let us see if the glimmering light of analogy will aid us in seeking it.

Inspiration by the lungs is a voluntary act, which may be compared to the observation, attention and meditation by which the intellectual faculties usually become inspired with ideas. If there be any subtler inspiration to the intellect, not dependent upon observation and the senses, it would seem probable that we might find its physical *analogue*. Accordingly we find that inspiration is not strictly limited to the voluntary action of the lungs. The entire surface of the body is a channel, or rather a myriad of channels, for the influx of air; and this species of inspiration is so highly important to animal life, that a rabbit has been suffocated to death in a little over an hour, by covering its skin with an air-tight composition of glue, suet and resin. The action of the skin is not so absolutely necessary in man as in the rabbit; yet it is highly important; and the death of a child in Paris, after it had been gilt all over its body, to form a golden figure in a procession, was attributed to this suffocative action on the skin. The health and vivacity of man and animals depend much upon the condition of the skin and its freedom from obstruction. Hence the importance of bathing, friction, currying, &c., which preserve uninjured this external inspiration.*

Has the soul, like the body, an outer surface for the absorption of the spiritual influx? Do its various faculties receive direct influx of life and strength from a spiritual atmosphere? The brain, the analogue and organ of the soul, has its interior channels for the common influx through the senses. Through the nerve fibres of the *corpora striata* and the *thalami*, it receives this influx during every movement of conscious life. But it has also its outer surface—a region of extreme vascularity and high spiritual energy, where the soul-force is probably at its maximum, if we may judge from the number of minute capillary blood-vessels and the amount of ganglion globules and fine, tender *neurine* of its grey or cortical substance. This entire surface corresponds and sympathizes, according to the laws of *Sarcognomy*, with the entire surface of the body, and is therefore indicated by analogy as the region of spiritual inspiration, which is chiefly unconscious and involuntary. The NERVAURA of the brain is continually evolved at its surface, where it may be felt by the impressible, and makes a sort of spiritual atmosphere, which probably maintains some important relations with the sphere of spirit-life and with the higher divine media.

An additional reason for referring spiritual influx and inspiration (as well as the contact of distant minds) to this region is derived from my own personal experience. I have not much of the intuitive and prescient faculties, but have been told by media and intuitionists, that I was assisted by spiritual influx from certain spirits; of which, however, I have never had the slightest consciousness. Still, I have, at various times, within the last two years, experienced very distinct, sharp, tender or stinging sensations over various organs of the brain, when events were occurring, which were calculated to be painful to the affected organs, although the events were at the time far from my presence or knowledge. For example, a certain person being suddenly attacked by illness or by mental distress in a remote part of the city; I have, at the very time, without any knowledge of the fact, been attacked by a sharp, stinging, or tender sensation in the region of Benevolence or in the region of Love. These things have happened so often, that I have learned to take the hint; and when these peculiar sensations arise, I have almost always discovered some event occurring simultaneously, which was painful to the affected organ; sometimes it is an event of which I am conscious, occurring under my own observation, and sometimes a more remote event, but always something within the sphere of my relations to others—more frequently affecting the regions of Benevolence and Love, but occasionally affecting many other organs. (As many other individuals must have had similar experience I hope that some of them will give the facts to the public through the *Spiritual Age*.) The fact of such impressions having been made by remote events, unknown at the time, just as if they had occurred under my own observation, demonstrates to me that the surface of the brain maintains through subtle media intimate relations with external spiritual forces and influences. Hence, whenever such forces are brought to bear upon it, an impression or influx must result.

In the human trinity, Soul, Brain and Body, everything is determined by correspondence and by sympathy. The surface of the body corresponds (see my engravings of Sarcognomy) with the surface of the brain, and that with what we may call by permission, the surface of the soul—the outer aspect of its faculties. As the ordinary influx to the brain is through the channels of sense, which lie below in the body, so is the ordinary influx of the soul through the brain; but by analogy we may infer that it has its own spiritual sphere of direct inspiration, independent of the labors of its inferior apparatus.

With this view, which opens before us a triune inspiration, *atmospheric*, *nervauric* and *spiritual*, for the body, the brain and the soul, we may learn from each of the three something of the laws of the other. Thus the essential conditions of atmospheric inspiration are action, health and cleanliness. Cleanliness and purity of the surface of the body, and the removal of all that is disgusting, obstructive or suffocative, will prepare the skin for atmospheric influx or inspiration. In like manner, purity of soul has always been considered a necessary condition of spiritual inspiration and Divine influx. Our cerebral organs, too, require to be relieved from the presence of moral pollution and base unintellectual society before they can act freely. The body sympathizes, and we seem to breathe more freely after our moral oppression is removed. What may be the proper spiritual sulphur, soap and water to purify and open to influx the surface of the soul, we need not inquire at present.

The main reliance for the three forms of inspiration, external as well as internal, must be ACTION. Physical exertion gives the skin a warm, glowing life, and throws off, by perspiration. all impurities and obstructions. Mental exertion does the same for the brain and the soul. (For want of fullness and precision of language, I use the expression, mental exertion, rather indefinitely, for the action of both brain and soul.)

We now arrive at the great practical and important truth, that EXERTION IS THE FUNDAMENTAL CONDITION OF INSPIRATION—indispensable to the internal or voluntary inspiration, but less essential to the external influx which is generally spontaneous. Bodily exertion increases more than twenty-fold our atmospheric inspiration, increasing both the internal or pulmonary and the external or cutaneous. This exertion is an essential condition of physical development. In like manner, mental exertion is an essential condition of mental development and influx—both the internal influx through the channels of the senses, and the external influx direct from the contact of the spirit-world. Hence a life of intense physical and mental activity is the life of influx, development, growth, inspiration and greatness. The sluggard sinks toward the level of the clod—the man of action rises and assimilates with the Divine unless his action be chiefly in the basilar regions of his brain, which gives him the inspiration and greatness which are ascribed to his Satanic Majesty.

The gifted few drink in large draughts of wisdom, power and prophecy with little exertion; yet even they may sink back to animality by the disuse of their high powers. But to all the descendants of humanity, who live by atmospheric, intellectual and spiritual influx, a higher development and larger inspiration are possible. By action, by intense thought, by love, by heroism, by eloquence, by bravely struggling with all our might to win success and to diffuse happiness and truth, we secure the instant and continual aid of Heaven, and draw in through every hour of day and night Divine wisdom and power. Thus may we rise in continual progress, until in full contact with the spirit-world and assimilated with the sphere of the Divine—our bodies on earth, our souls in heaven—we may walk in celestial light and love—the glorious brightness of Heaven illuminating our life on the earth. Such is the redemption from life's evils which the good and the true may work out for themselves in time—whether by one or by many generations of duties fulfilled.

I speak of inspiration into all the faculties of the soul, for all are susceptible; and inspiration is as needful to deeds as to thoughts or prophecies; and if we crave this inspiration, both the spontaneous influx from the spirit sphere and the ordinary influx of growth, we should seek it by the vigorous exertion of the nobler and more refined faculties—by intense thought, love, enthusiasm, energy. For intellectual inspiration we should cherish the faculties of Faith, Sincerity, or Love of Truth and a love of the mysteries of Nature, in which are hidden the richest gems of Divine wisdom. Our men of science generally make but little progress in the unknown, because they have too little faith in humanity, too little love of the mysteries of nature, and far too little of that disinterested love of truth which would lead them out of the beaten paths that conduct them to power, wealth and popularity. For inspiration into both will and intellect, we should cultivate a bright, fervent and cheerful piety. The faculty of Religion, or Love of the Divine, opens the soul to the influx of light and warmth from the Divine, and the organ of Religion is so situated in the brain as to develop and sustain our Intuition, Wisdom, Hope, Love, Happiness, Fortitude and honorable Will. Religion is, above all others, the faculty which, while it lifts us to a higher plane of life, opens our souls to a noble, enlightening, renovating and sustaining influx from the higher spheres, while that refined intellectuality which is not elevated by Religion, Love, and other moral faculties, opens the soul to all manner of promiscuous and disorderly influences which end in the total degradation of the individual, in poverty, crime, disease and insanity.

Finally, our analogy indicates another view of Inspiration. The surface of the body not only inspires, but by its sense of feeling receives many impressions for good or evil. So in our psychometric experiments, the autograph in contact with the forehead imparts to the brain and mind the soul-force of the writer. The soul has its sense of contact as well as the body; and when the organs of Sensibility, Ideality, Spirituality and Intuition are large, the presence and influence of a spirit may be felt, and we receive freely the influence of thought and sentiment which the spirit imparts. Evil impressions, it is true, may be received in this way from spirits in or out of the body; yet much has been done by such means for the moral and intellectual benefit of mankind, and more will be done hereafter, when a true Anthropology shall have enlightened society, and shall guide the introduction to earth of a nobler race of men.

* It is an interesting coincidence, that as influx or instinct becomes in the inferior animals, to a much greater extent than in man, the substitute for reason, memory and observation, giving them a singular fore-knowledge of the weather and remarkable constructive art (shown by the beaver, the bee, the spider, &c.), so is their external atmospheric inspiration remarkably increased in proportion to their internal pulmonary respiration. Frogs, by means of this external respiration, will live thirty hours after the removal of their lungs. Insects breathe through their surface, and the Articulata generally live by the introduction of air into their bodies, which is distributed through air tubes and cells. Moreover, the smaller an animal may be, the greater is its surface in proportion to its mass, and consequently the more important are its external or cosmic relations in proportion to its individuality.

For the Spiritual Age.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The east is red;
Another day arises from the dead
Old Ages of Storm;
A quickened Essence from the lifeless form
Which earth and time have shed.
Another year arises from the years
Shorn by the frosts of yore,
And at the last
Appears!
The better genius of the prostrate Past—
The glory of all that has been heretofore.

The little maiden mime,
That was so wonderfully sylph-like and *petite*,
In the olden time,
With a laugh that was clearer than the chime
Of a cherub's madrigal,
Is saintlier now than Psyche, and as symmetrical
As Venus, and, withal,
Victoriously tall—
Is gentle and modest and tall,
And sweet!

Of all that has been lost,
The grace, bless God! exists;
The fragile Flowers who fell before the Frost—
Avaunt ye Mists!—
The Bride—ah yes, the Bride!
Our babes beatified,
All who have lived and died,
And are now glorified—
(Ah they toll now! Do they toll
For the body or the soul?
He can neither see nor hear,
Can but taste, and smell and fear,
Whoso dolefully may dole
For the body or the soul,
On the morning of the year)—
Oh for those who lie apart,
In the everlasting respite of the heart,
With the whiteness of the snows,
In the face of their repose,
They come (parting the dream-curtains of our life-tent, now and then)
Back again,
With affectionate salutations, as they used to, and depart.

Now-a-day, every leaf that falls
Whispereth audibly to me
Through the cadences and calls
Of the wind;—
"Never mind me, never mind—
Me!—
Come out here,
Another year,
When the bays are flush and fresh;
There will be
A richer leaf on the tree
Right over me!"
And it is so with the flesh.

In a to-be-yearned for year,
Hereafter, even here,
When I die,
In my belief
(O thou Pruner with the knife!)
There will be a larger leaf,
Right over where I lie
On the Mistletoe of Life!

There is one who beareth earthward on the future's golden wave
Who shall rise to statlier stature as he stands above my tomb,
In my office and my room
Than the man did, in his life-time, who shall then be in his grave.

For whatever is above,
In eternal peace and love;
And whatever is below
In earth's incidental agony and temporary woe;
Whatever we behold
Of the quick, or the dead and cold;
The new eons that unfold
The great purpose of the old;
The systems of the stars and the systems of the soul;
And the all-absorbing system of the universal Whole;
Are a culminating cone,
And a throne,
Upon which God is alone!
Something of whose great intent—
As a voice divinely clear
In a very quiet ear;
Unto every soul is sent,
Even by presentiment;
"Let there be a happy year!"

FORCEYTHE WILSON.

CHILDHOOD AND AGE.—Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to recover.—*Ruskin.*

This world is a field sown for another life.

For the Spiritual Age.

CANTING AND RECANTING.

To see the zeal with which the public press trumpets the recantation of the celebrated John Smith, first, second and third, from this, that and the other faith, one would suppose that the veracity of this universe was the joint result of their honorable suffrages; that science, morals, religion and revelation were severally indebted to each several person of that anonymous triad, for their very existence in our mundane sphere; and when either gentleman saw fit to withdraw his support, the very "king-post" of the blue sky was knocked out, and the whole canopy would directly come caving in upon us.

Men of a timid turn may well be alarmed at the portentous display of big-lettered headings and menacing black fingers pointing to the dreadful announcement that "John Smith, the celebrated trance medium, has recanted!" and "John Smith second, the famous Protestant divine, has turned Catholic," and "John Smith, the third of that name, has renounced his life-long faith in the saving efficacy of pædo-baptism;" and so on to the nine hundred and ninety-ninth celebrated recusant of that notable name.

But in spite of exclamation points raining down wonder like a fall of javelins, there is no real cause for astonishment, and still less for alarm. Timidity make take courage in the assurance that the thing is the most natural and simple effect of a very obvious cause. When men are afflicted with that distressing nasal disease known as cant, we may at any moment look for its lapse into the backward cant, or state of recanting—a condition neither alarming to their friends nor convincing to their adversaries. Truth has happily survived a great many such finalities, and in fact is very little moved by anything in the way of nasal singing, whether it be snuffling or snorting, canting or recanting. When one knows a fact to be such, how many solemn owls will it take to hoot it out of his consciousness?

I have seen a lamp-stand dance without touch and give intelligible answers by *canting* and *recanting;* and now does John Smith suppose that fact is to be knocked out of my head by his cant or recantation, no less wooden? John is green if he fancies it; and the zealous backers of John are a shade richer in verdure than himself, if they can half believe it. Ten thousand witnesses have seen ample proof of facts that no trickster could have aided, and no unbeliever could explain; and which yet compelled a faith in an invisible intelligence as their producer, in spite of skepticism. But John Smith, the fourteenth of that ilk, says *he* has made just such looking marvels, which passed for real; *therefore*, argues His Sapience, there are no real ones! The reasoning is part and parcel with the honesty—the one is void and the other empty.

He is sufficiently far advanced to be entitled to cap and bells, who supposes that his renunciation of old professions can in any way determine the truth or falsity of them; but before he can fairly adjust the symbol-crown over his symbolic ears it is irretrievably ravished from him by the audacious felon who, not content with corrupting the currency of the Commonwealth, swears broadly that there is no genuine coin because he has succeeded in passing a counterfeit! Well, the opposition are welcome to their allies who are only too clearly worthy of their new fellowship!

G. S. B.

The People and the Pulpit.

We must look to the people for the inauguration of a larger style of dealing with religious topics in the pulpit. How the masses of church-going Americans are to become liberalized to the point even of tolerating a plain-spoken clergy, it is not easy to describe; yet observation of the currents of public thought encourage us to hope that this work is going on. The common school, the press, popular oratory, the lecture, the reform convention, the fierce conflicts of politics, with the great amount of catholic sentiment that inevitably radiates from the narrowest church, with the wide-spread influence of the few true prophets of the land, are powerfully stirring the community in this direction. The ecclesiastical notions of religion as a logical system, pre-ordained from the beginning of things, and "the gospel" as a mechanical "plan of salvation," are every day driven into closer or more obscure corners, elbowed aside by the broad interests that throng the highway of the national life. The homely, practical common sense, that is, the best quality yet largely developed by our republican culture, is constantly brought in collision with this made-up conception of religion, and always with damaging results to the creeds.—*N. Y. Inquirer.*

Honor to Labor.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with an earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow wherever it listeth.—*Carlyle.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Dec. 20, 1858.

DEAR READERS:—It was near midnight on Saturday, the 27th ultimo, when I arrived at Sandusky, Ohio, having been detained by a furious snow-storm that was still raging with unabated violence. * * * * * * * * During the time spent in that city I delivered ten lectures, all, with a single exception, on themes connected with Spiritualism. The audiences—which were large considering the circumstances—embraced a very fair proportion of the most intelligent and influential people in the place, including a number of representatives of the wealthier classes and members of all the learned professions. Though the subject has but recently commenced to engage public attention, a number of prominent citizens have boldly identified themselves with it, while several others are only restrained by the fear of losing cast in the social and religious circles to which they respectively belong. Moreover, the colloquial proclivities of the ubiquitous Mrs. Grundy doubtless keep a number of timid ones away.

At the conclusion of a lecture on the so-called scientific theories of the Manifestations, Rev. J. B. Walker signified his desire to be heard on some matters connected with the lecture and with Spiritualism, and he was accordingly invited to occupy the stand. Reference had been made to the positions assumed by President Mahan in his discussion—which occurred some time since—with the writer at Jackson, Michigan. We regarded the President's public statements as *public property*, and endeavored to do justice to the tall knight of Oberlin, who, vaulting upon his "new imponderable" steed, dashed wildly away to his fight with the phantoms, brandishing his edgeless weapons at the invisible hosts—defying "the prince of the powers of the air"—and madly spurring the poor creature, Odyle, to the death.

Br. Walker thought it not right to charge the hero of so many battles (and defeats) with such reckless riding, when he was not present to make his defense, and he proposed to disprove our statements respecting the aforesaid discussion by the contents of the President's own book. But there was one serious obstacle in the way—*the book was published some months before the discussion in question actually occurred or was even thought of;* and as its author was not presumed to be endowed with the gift of prophetic inspiration, his book could of course do nothing to either establish or disprove what occurred so long after the date of its publication. Br. Walker felt sure that on this point we were quite mistaken, and was proceeding to determine the precise time *when* his friend the President was engaged in *the controversy at Cleveland, O.* Having settled that matter to his entire satisfaction, we were again obliged to spoil the dream of victory by informing Rev. J. B. W. and the audience that Mr. Rehn, of Philadelphia, and Joel Tiffany, Esq., had the honor to contend successfully with the President at Cleveland, and that our humble self was in the city of New York all the while. Hereupon Mr. Walker decided not to speak that evening, but proposed to avail himself of another opportunity.

On the following week we met the Reverend gentleman one evening at Euterpean Hall, before a large audience, on which occasion Br. Walker distinguished himself, and—in the judgment of his friends—made out a very clear case against the spirits. His reasoning to prove that the modern spirits are all *evil* was so remarkable, that we must give his Reverence and our readers the benefit of a brief synopsis. Here is the first argument:

FIRST PROPOSITION—Not one of the spirits has ever communicated any new truth.

SECOND PROPOSITION—Good spirits *would*, certainly, communicate new truths.

CONCLUSION—*The spirits are all evil!*

It will be perceived that our clerical friend's premises were supported *by his own very positive assertions.* Such evidence is cheap, and answers the purpose just as well for those people whose beautiful reverence for their "blind guides" transcends their ability to reason. To be sure, in order to establish the first proposition to the satisfaction of the logical and impartial mind, it would be necessary to take up each and every illustration of spirit-intercourse that has ever occurred, and show that the character and consequences of the same have been only evil, unmixed with any elements of truth or goodness. Such a work would very naturally involve an immense outlay of time, talent and labor, neither of which Mr. Walker is prepared to bestow. And then the result of such an investigation would inevitably defeat his purpose, by discovering the real nature of the facts.

Moreover, we were not before aware that the capacity to originate new ideas, or to discover hidden principles, sustained such an intimate and necessary relation to the moral attributes of the individual. Without conceding the truth of Mr. Walker's assumption, suppose we were to judge the moral character of the clergy by the same standard. The majority of our "evangelical" religious teachers have certainly not often distinguished themselves by the discovery of new truths. We listened to them for years in the earlier part of our life without learning a new truth or so much as hearing a fresh illustration of an old or familiar one. If Mr. W.'s ordeal is applicable to spirits who wear garments of flesh, and his judgments righteous, he may stand a chance of falling under his own sentence of condemnation. Indeed, we know of no class of persons less inclined to explore new fields than the clergy; nor do we think of any who are more likely to be disturbed by new discoveries in their own appropriate department of investigation. If they continue to repeat their old ideas and to foster their foolish apprehensions, with respect to newly-discovered truths in morals, theology and religion, will they not all—according to J. B. W.'s peculiar logic—inevitably become evil spirits in the world to come?

The writer will venture to put on record another brief illustration of the logical short-hand method according to Walker, in his disposition of Spiritualism. It involves a great saving of such genuine materials as the subject naturally affords, and displays remarkable economy in the exercise of reason and charity. This argument was thought to be very conclusive by all who believed Br. Walker when he told them so. Here it is, without unnecessary verbiage, all embodied in the following brief antitheses:

1. "God's messengers always minister to God's people." [Howbeit, Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners.]

2. "The familiar spirits of to-day do not come to us through the appointed and consecrated channels, but they communicate through the ungodly. There is not a single Christian among all the media." [We know of several clergymen among them.]

3. That modern spirits are all evil or Satanic.

That's very clear! But our clerical friend may not be strictly entitled to the credit of originality in this case. He may have received a suggestion from those devout and disinterested people who, wishing to improve their sublunary condition, met together somewhere and adopted the following well defined and significant Resolutions:

1. "*Resolved*—That in the judgment of this meeting 'the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.'" [There is Scripture authority for that.]

2. "*Resolved*—That the Lord has given 'the earth and the fulness thereof' to the saints." [This is liable to be questioned by unbelievers.]

3. "*Resolved*—That *we are the saints!*" (?)

Having exploded the new form of infidelity by the peculiar force of his reasoning, Br. *Walker* pursued his *fillibustering* operations on the spiritual domain, by attempting to deprive the spirits, and the earthly supporters of their claims, of all the virtues and graces which they are known to possess. He affirmed that the Immortals (except such as keep still and out of the way of mankind in general) are all infernal ministers, and that those who treat them respectfully are very wicked people. He baptised the whole fraternity, visible and invisible, with dirty water; he talked of Free Love (using those beautiful words in the vile sense and false relations to which they have been prostituted by licentious people) and quoted the words of Br. Tiffany to sustain him, insisting, as Mr. T. is an acknowledged public teacher of the Spiritual Philosophy, and one of the ablest leaders in the movement, that his words ought to stamp and determine the entire character of the whole body, and satisfy the world that Spiritualism is only evil, and calculated alike to injure the body and the soul.

Mr. Walker, feeling that he had finished his work, sat down with an air of dignified complacency, having acquitted himself in a manner that gave eminent satisfaction to his people; whereupon the writer remarked in substance that, if the words of Mr. Tiffany proved all that was claimed, namely, that the spirits are all evil, and that those who believe in them are all corrupt in mind, and heart, and life, perhaps the testimony of an Apostle will do as much for all Christians. St. Paul refers to some who turned "the grace of God into lasciviousness;" he openly charged the Corinthian church members with fostering "divisions and heresies," and said that it was the common report that *there was "fornication among them."* This is quite as strong language as Mr. Tiffany employs in speaking of the evils that attach to Spiritualism. Should not Paul's language—agreeably to our friend's logic—be allowed to determine the character of Christianity and of all Christians?

No reply—general restlessness, and—*exeunt omnes.*

Our lectures were all delivered in Euterpean Hall, which was most generously furnished, *without charge*—including fuel, lights and attendance—by the proprietor of the same, MR. FREDERICK BUTTS, formerly of Germany; also the use of his magnificent Orchesterian, which cost $4000, and which performs many complicated pieces from the chief masters of musical harmony. The great kindness of Mr. B., as well as the unremitting attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Cowdery during the writer's indisposition, can never be blotted out of the book of his remembrance.

S. B. B.

[NOTE.—The pressure on our columns compels us to omit several pages of our associate's notes, at the point indicated by the asterisks.—A. E. N.]

CANDOR AND CALUMNY.

The *Springfield Republican* finds in a recent article of ours a text for a homily on Spiritualism, in its peculiar style. After referring to the "recantations and exposures" that have recently taken place as evidences that "there has been a vast amount of jugglery and awful lying among the crowd of professional mediums," it says very candidly:—

"But it does not follow that there have been no such phenomena as the Spiritualists base their faith upon. In fact there are a great many people in every community, including intelligent and discriminating persons, who have personal knowledge of facts, entirely disconnected with professional spiritual exhibitions, that cannot be accounted for by any known principles of philosophy—such as the moving of articles of furniture without the exertion of muscular force, the evident reading of thoughts by some unseen intelligence, and a knowledge of facts on the part of some invisible intelligence not known to and therefore not derived from the persons present. We assume that these things have occurred in numberless instances, because the proof of them is as perfect and is placed as far beyond the reach of reasonable doubt as any facts that can be sustained by human testimony."

But if the *Republican* had any conscience, it would not have proceeded to represent the whole body of Spiritualists as attributing every strange phenomenon to disembodied spirits, merely because it is strange; nor as taking for "absolute verity, to be admired and honored as a new revelation" whatever is "written through the hand of a medium in some unaccountable manner;" nor would it charge them with "the folly of attempting to build a system of philosophy and religion upon the crude and incoherent mutterings and scribblings of entranced mediums." The *Republican* knows, if it knows anything properly on the subject, that no prominent or influential press or lecturer, engaged in the advocacy of Spiritualism, is chargeable with either of these follies.

Nor, if the *Republican* were governed by any love of truth or sense of justice, would it have been guilty of using the following language:—

"So far as Spiritualism has borne any moral fruit peculiar to itself, it has been of a very disgusting variety. The *Spiritual Age*, which used to deny the dirty revelations about spiritualists, now accounts for them by the theory," etc.

These words, while cautiously avoiding a direct statement, were obviously intended to insinuate to the reader that we now admit the truth of certain "revelations" that we once denied. This is false, and the *Republican* knows it. The "dirty revelations" which we "used to deny" were the *Republican's* filthy slanders about "naked circles" in Boston, and "naked communities" elsewhere. These we still deny. That paper has never produced a particle of proof to sustain its truly "dirty" stories; it still rests, and, until it retracts them, will rest under the guilt of uttering wanton and base calumnies.

CLERICAL CONTEMPTUOUSNESS OF "FACTS."

We recently mentioned that, during Mr. Brittan's lectures at Oswego, N. Y., a public invitation was addressed by several influential citizens to the clergymen of that city to be present at his lectures and combat the alleged errors of Spiritualism. The only answer their reverences have deigned to make to this appeal, so far as we can learn, is to be found in the following characteristic reply published in the Oswego *Times* of Dec. 4th:

SPIRITUALISM AND "THE CLERGYMEN."

MR. EDITOR:—In the absence of all public notice by any of the persons addressed, in the challenge lately put forth through your columns, a word or two through the same channel, defining the position of clergymen towards the whole subject of Spiritualism, may not be amiss.

Its adherents pretend to no less a thing than to have opened, and to be carrying on, an intelligent intercourse between the living and the dead—between spirits in the body, and spirits departed from the body.

The position of a clergyman, and of every believer in the Holy Scriptures towards a pretence of this description, is defined by that Standard of truth and duty. Thus defined, it is a position *aloof from its facts and phenomena altogether*—and this, whether they be simply humbugs of the day, or genuine discoveries.

To the Christian believer the whole "body of facts" and pretensions of Modern Spiritualism is forbidden ground. He cannot enter it for any purpose—and so of course, not for the purpose of discussion. There is nothing there for *him* to discuss. For, suppose it to turn out that no less a personage than "an angel from Heaven" is there. This supposition, worthier, I believe, than any yet suggested by the "phenomena" of Spiritualism, is provided for by "the Gospel" which clergymen are now preaching. And if, on the other hand, the ruling spirit of this ism should turn out to be simply of the earth earthy, or, as the remaining alternative, an angel from a less desirable quarter, the case would be rather worse, for clergymen who might be found *discussing* his phenomena and his "facts." Yours, VERITAS.

The coolness of this clergyman's disdain of "facts" is refreshing, even in this wintry weather. They are trifles entirely beneath the notice of "Christian believers," albeit they claim to be of the same identical nature as those on which the whole superstructure of the popular theology rests!

The clergy and the church once assumed the same disdainful "position" towards the "facts" of astronomy, geology, and other sciences. This position well nigh plunged the world in skepticism and destroyed the influence of the clergy. It was a mis-step, the effects of which the Pye Smiths, the Hugh Millers, the Hitchcocks and other "scientific" religionists have found it hard to counteract. Taking the same "position" in regard to the facts of Modern Spiritualism will surely finish the work, so far as respect for the clerical order is concerned. But this haughty contemptuousness is only a poor disguise of conscious weakness.

THAT REPORT.

As we surmised, the "Report" of the famous Harvard Investigation, so flamingly announced by the Boston *Courier* last week, turns out to be a mere catch-penny dodge. The Committee of Professors had nothing to do with it. It is an account drawn up by one of the editors of the *Courier*, (Hon. Geo. Lunt) to *sell* during the present popular excitement; and every purchaser of it has probably found himself *sold*. It merely tells the world what all the world knew before—namely, that no satisfactory spirit-manifestations occurred before the committee on that occasion. That is all—nobody is annihilated—nobody is hurt!

The story, otherwise "flat, stale and unprofitable," is enlivened with an occasional attempt at wit, enriched now and then with a sage reflection, or an astute "scientific" criticism, and ends with a reiteration of the crushing inference so often urged before—namely, that as "nothing was done" on that important occasion, and before that august and learned body, to sustain the pretensions of Spiritualism, therefore "nothing could have been done on other occasions"! "This conclusion reason inexorably demands"!! This is *Courier* logic, unmistakably. Those who do not see its utter conclusiveness—who persist in imagining that they have witnessed anything, anywhere, which the Harvard Professors and the editor of the *Courier* did not witness then and there—are either fools or knaves, of course!

In conclusion, the editor of the *Courier* occupies some space in telling why he refused to sit in the circles at this investigation, which refusal was alleged to be one obstacle to the manifestations. In substance, the explanation is this:—he really expected some of the manifestations claimed would occur; and if they did he should have no hesitation in referring them to the devil or his imps! This fearless investigator preferred to be at a safe distance from such questionable company! His prudence and piety are commendable.

A faint hope is held out—we fear an illusive one—that the Committee will yet enlighten the world with *their* report. We will wait with all possible patience. Meanwhile, we hope the public will not "be imposed upon" by any more catch-penny "tricks" of that pattern of honesty, the *Courier*.

More "Fantastic Tricks."

Among the persons referred to by the *Courier* as having played "fantastic tricks" before the Spiritualists of Cambridgeport, is Mr. Whiting, the young poet-medium. This reference cannot fail to remind Boston readers of a scene witnessed at the Melodeon last winter, in which the renowned Professor of Greek figured, if not fantastically, certainly very much to the amusement of the audience. Mr. Whiting had improvised a poem on a topic presented by the Professor. The Professor was pleased to pronounce it a remarkable production, under the circumstances. But he thought equal feats had been performed by Socrates and Plato, with whose histories and writings his profession had made him familiar. He was thanked for ranking the young man with these eminent philosophers, and reminded that both of them claimed to be attended and inspired by spiritual beings. He became suddenly troubled with a short memory—lost his temper—perspired enormously—stammered badly—made a labored but singularly futile attempt at explanation—left the assembly sadly crest-fallen—and never made his appearance there afterwards. Seldom have Spiritualist audiences been treated to anything more "fantastic" than this.

The "World's Paper" Deceased—Its Successor.

That remarkably elegant and able sheet, which, under the above ambitious title, has hitherto greeted us from the Green Mountain State, informs its "numerous patrons" that it is to visit them no more! Its last mortal hours appear to have been occupied mainly in *affectionate remembrances* of one of the editors of the AGE. We fear its needless exertion and anxiety on our account had the effect to hasten its demise. May its magnanimous spirit rest in peace!

But the world is not be left without a paper. Messrs Estabrook & Abbott have issued the prospectus of "THE GREEN MOUNTAIN SIBYL," to be published at Sandusky, Vt. It is to be a family paper, devoted to Human Progress and Spiritual Philosophy; terms $1.50 a year. Mr. Estabrook is a young man of excellent spirit and earnest devotion to truth; and we doubt not the SIBYL will be pervaded by a more generous and liberal tone than has always characterized the provincial press.

OBSERVATIONS ON FATE AND FREE AGENCY.

[CONCLUDED.]

But *does* God incite and control *all* man's acts? The answer to this may depend upon the definition given to the term "God."

The universal system of things in which we find ourselves existing, includes motives to evil as well as to good. This universal system all theists admit to be, in a remote sense, of God; and it must have *lower* as well as *higher* conditions, else there could be no progress. Those motives which come from the *lower* side, appealing to man's lower nature, and tending to keep him where he is or to drag him downward, are called "bad," "evil," "of the devil;" and the result of action from them is, sooner or later, loss and misery. On the other hand, motives from the *higher* side, addressed to the higher nature of man, are termed "good," "of God," etc.; and action in accordance with them ultimates in the advancement and highest welfare of the actor.

According to this view, those motives only which come to us from the higher or *God-ward* side of the Universe, can be directly attributed to God; while those from the opposite side come through secondary causes, involving the independent action of voluntary beings.

But there is still a broader view:

Why is it that man's actions from low motives result in dissatisfaction and misery, while those from lofty impulses tend to happiness? Because he is so constituted that the end of his being is *advancement*. He was not made to be satisfied with a mere animal existence, but to progress from the animal to the spiritual. But to make any advancement man must *act*. If his condition is such, from any cause, that he cannot be moved to action by high motives, he must be by such as he can feel. It is better that he act on a low plane, than that he were a tree or a stone and not act at all. Yet he must and will act *on that plane* where his predominating qualities place him. But this is not the end of it.

Having intelligence, reason and intuition, man is capable of learning *the consequences* of actions. From history, which is the experience of others, and from his own experience,—also, to some extent, by intuition*—he comes to know that certain courses of action result in misery and are wrong; while certain other courses tend to good, and are right. *This knowledge of consequences becomes in him a motive power to right action.*

It may, indeed, require years, yea, ages, of dire experience in some to give this motive sufficient strength to turn them from low to high—from evil to good. Yet, in connection with other influences, it must eventually accomplish that end, else suffering is without a beneficent purpose in the divine economy, or inadequate to the purpose designed. The road to heaven *via hell*, however, is by no means a desirable one, even though it do reach the celestial realms at last. I prefer the direct route.

It is thus clear that man's base actions on a low plane at one period of his existence must result in the production of *motives* to impel him and others to better action, on a higher plane, at a subsequent period. In this way he is impelled upward, sooner or later, by inevitable law, even through the agency of his own misdeeds and consequent sufferings. Erratic and elliptical as may be the orbit of some,—deep and fearful as may be their plunges into "outer darkness,"—yet like the seemingly reckless wanderers of the solar system, a sure cord binds them firmly to the Central Sun, and their return is certain in the lapse of ages.

Call it his free choice, if you please, that man goes on in evil, or turns to good; yet clearly it is a choice *under motives*, and that cannot be made in the absence of motives. (The motives may be either from without or from within.) Call it God, if you choose, that incites the action, either directly or indirectly; yet, according to this view, it is for a *good end*, and is the best action the individual can be prompted to at the time. To the man, the action and its immediate consequences may be evil, because *he* has no good intent in it; but to God, who sees the end from the beginning, and designs only the ultimate good, all is good.

Thus we see everywhere an indissoluble chain of cause and effect. Thus God's real and beneficent sovereignty and man's *seemingly* free but actually limited agency,—though the latter is often erratic and even malignant,—meet harmoniously as corresponding arcs of one perfect circle.

It has been charged, on the one hand, and admitted on the other, in this discussion, that both the doctrine of Fatalism, as advocated by some, and that of a Wise Sovereignty as presented by myself, release man of responsibility for his acts. This is not true in either case.

What is responsibility? It is—liability to meet the consequences of one's acts.

Now, it is certainly not possible for any of us to escape this liability, whatever theory we may adopt. *All our acts do bring in their train inevitable consequences.* This all admit to be a part of the very constitution of things. This fact constitutes the very fatality of Fate itself; it is the right arm of God's moral government in the universe. A knowledge of it, as already said, becomes a powerful motive by which men are induced to avoid the wrong and do the right, or to pursue that course which is found to result in happiness and good.

It has been charged, again, that any theory of sovereignty over man makes him a mere machine. This is a mistake. A machine, in the sense intended, has no power in itself of either co-acting or refusing to co-act with the motive-forces acting upon it. Man, on the contrary, is *conscious* of a power within himself which either consents to or opposes motives which are brought to bear upon him. Hence he is not a *mere* machine. He is at least a double machine—having a "wheel within a wheel."

What is this power within himself? It is called "conscience" by some—by others, the "higher or spiritual nature"—"God in man," etc. It is difficult to distinguish consciously and clearly between it and the higher self-hood. Practically, however, it is that Power which resists in us, or enables us to resist, the motives that appeal to and the disorderly desires that arise in our lower natures; and which also prompts and aids to all that is right and pure. Its tendency, in proportion as it is exercised, is to raise us from a lower to a higher plane of action—from the animal to the spiritual—from the love of pleasure to the love of good.

Men's highest conscious freedom is that state in which all his lower appetites and passions are under the complete control of his higher perceptions and convictions; or, where right and good are the spontaneous and only impulses of his nature. This is the highest plane of action; and when arrived at man becomes unsusceptible to low motives, because wholly possessed and controlled by high ones. It is then impossible for him to do wrong in the same sense that it is "impossible for God to lie." And hence THE MOST PERFECT FREEDOM MERGES INTO THE MOST ABSOLUTE NECESSITY.

Thus, whatever view we take, if we but look beneath the seeming surface, we find that Man's Agency and God's Sovereignty blend harmoniously in one, as corresponding pillars of the glorious Arch of Destiny.

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NOTE.—We trust those correspondents who have propounded questions relating to this topic will find satisfactory answers in the foregoing essay. If not, we must leave them to work out the problem for themselves, as best they can. We do not expect these brief observations on so intricate a subject will give satisfaction to all. Many minds, lacking sufficient breadth and insight to take in the whole, fix on one side alone of the truth, ignoring wholly the other. The views of such cannot be otherwise than one-sided and distorted till they have taken time to grow.

* Intuition is here intended to include all that is usually meant by conscience, innate sense of right and wrong, inspiration, influx and inward revelation. It signifies *tuition* from within, instead of from without.

Hard Hits.

Wendell Phillips, Esq., in a lecture on "Theory and Practice," before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, last week, made the following telling points against certain self-elected guardians of the popular faith and conscience. It is another indication of the contempt which these worthies are bringing upon themselves in the minds of all candid people. Mr. Phillips said, as reported in the *Traveller:*

"The idea was gaining ground among the educated and wealthy classes that they were the proper guardians and leaders of the masses. Greek scholars were too apt to think the masses were all under tutelage, and Harvard College the probate court which appointed their guardians. But he believed that every great step of progress had originated in the masses, and grown until it was powerful enough to command the services of educated men."

Again, further on:

"Never in any great modern popular movement had there not been something of the spiritual phenomena, and we had it to-day; but where was the scholar bold enough to risk his reputation by examining these matters thoroughly enough to lead the public mind out of its Egypt of darkness. At Albany, when Dr. Hare attempted to bring up the subject, he was insulted by his colleagues of a scientific body. A dozen years ago, one of the most honored members of the medical profession ventured to place on the pages of a magazine the record of the first form of Spiritualism, Magnetism, and his co-adjutors refused to meet with him in council, denominating him a quack.

"He was not a Spiritualist, and did not care whether it were true or false, but he spoke of the tests of that true courage which should come forward and develope for mankind the truth, and of the theories of which we so much spoke."

Topsy Turvy.

Carlyle tells a story which runs in this wise:—Once upon a time a man (somewhat in drink, belike) raised a dreadful outcry at the corner of the market-place, "The world was all turned topsy-turvy; that the men and cattle were all walking with their feet uppermost; that the houses and earth at large (if they they did not mind it) would fall into the sky; in short, that unless prompt means were taken, things in general were on the high road to the devil." As the people only laughed at him, he cried the louder and more vehemently; nay, at last began abjurating, foaming, imprecating; when a good-natured auditor, going up, took the orator by the haunches and softly inverting his position, set him down—on his feet. The which, upon perceiving, his mind was staggered not a little. "Ha! deuce take it!" cried he rubbing his eyes, "so it was not the world that was hanging by its feet, then, but I that was standing on my head!"

Likely when some of these rampant denouncers of Spiritualism get sanely on their feet, they will learn a similar lesson. The great truths of immortality are as serenely poised as the earth in the starry heavens, and they who raise this hue and cry but betray at once their own inverted wits.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—All who favor dancing either as a polite accomplishment or an agreeable and useful exercise, will be glad to possess THE BALL ROOM COMPANION, a neat little hand-book just published by H. W. Swett, No. 128 Washington street, Boston. It will be particularly valuable in the home drawing-room to aid an evening's entertainment, as it contains full directions for all the steps, figures and fancy dances now in vogue.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC has become a fixture in the New England Metropolis. It is published as heretofore by Damrell & Moore, 16 Devonshire street. The same firm issue the LADIES' ALMANAC—which every body knows is a perfect little gem,—and the JUVENILE ALMANAC for the little folks.

THE LANDON HOUSE, RUTLAND.—Spiritualists travelling in central Vermont will be pleased to learn that our friends J. & A. Landon have completed and opened their new hotel at Rutland. It is conveniently located near the depot, and is said to be furnished equal to any hotel in the State. Those who have enjoyed the hearty hospitality of the *old* "Landon House" will be sure to call at the new.

PHILOSOPHY OF INSPIRATION.—Let no reader fail to *study* the able and lucid article by Dr. Buchanan, on our first page. No living writer is more competent to treat subjects of this character than is Dr. B. We have great satisfaction in announcing that the columns of the AGE will be enriched by further contributions from his gifted pen.

MISS HARDINGE having lectured to crowded houses in St. Louis, and in Springfield, Ill., is spending the present week at Rockford, Ill. Thence she visits Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio, *en route* for the East.

REV. T. L. HARRIS CALLED TO ASIA AND ENGLAND.—The *Telegraph* says that,—"In the course of Mr. Harris' discourse to his congregation in the University at the head of Washington Square, last Sunday morning, he astonished his friends by the announcement that he had developed into the third apostolic degree, which he said was the missionary degree, and in fulfillment of it, he should in a few weeks leave them to teach the benighted people in Asia and England. The discourse was very touching, and created much sobbing among the more devoted and affectionate attendants on his administration."

PULPIT PERVERSIONS.—Rev. Mr. Paulson spoke in Quincy last Sunday evening on Spiritualism. His sermon was a tissue of scandal from beginning to end, going back for ten years to rake together the instances of crime and dereliction that have been attributed to reputed Spiritualists. When the Christian (!) pulpit will descend to mere scandal-mongering, is it not time for reform?

MR. PAINE in a note to the *Telegraph* iterates his firm belief in both physical and mental manifestations from spirits.

Boston and Vicinity.

Mr. Bly's "Exposures."

Mr. M. V. Bly continued his performances in exposition of the alleged tricks and impositions of mediums, at the Melodeon, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week; and succeeded, with the help of the opposition press, in awakening considerable interest.

In the absence of a statement from himself of his position and the reasons for his course, (which he promised us, but for some reason has failed to furnish) we will state that Mr. B. comes to us with the claim that he is a Spiritualist and a medium—that he has for some months been a public speaker, under the influence of a conscious inspiration which he has supposed to come from disembodied spirits. He alleges that recently circumstances led him to believe that a number of persons acting as public test mediums were more or less guilty of imposition, and he had determined to ferret out and expose these tricksters, and drive them from the field. In this he affirms that he has been conscious of aid from the same power which has heretofore inspired his efforts as a public speaker. In short, he professes it to be his "mission" to act as a "detective medium," for the purpose of purging the ranks of Spiritualism from certain cheats and charlatans who have been making it a cover for their mercenary and scandalous practices.

Such a "mission" as this should surely have the encouragement and God-speed of every earnest Spiritualist and lover of truth. And did Mr. Bly perform his work properly, with impartial fairness, just discrimination, and evident honesty of purpose, he would certainly have the countenance and co-operation of all true Spiritualists.

But, so far as we can judge, his labors have greatly lacked these essential qualifications. He allows himself to indulge in large pretensions and small performances—in strong accusations, with very weak proofs or none at all,—and is evidently not a little elated with the notoriety and the money he is reaping from this "exposing" dodge. Hence he has not succeeded in gaining the confidence of candid and intelligent people.

Since our own faith in spirit-manifestation rests not in the least upon any of the parties implicated, or on the integrity of public mediums as a class—and since we have the most urgent reasons for desiring that all impostors should be driven from the field—we are in a position to look impartially upon any evidence which may be adduced against them. We have endeavored fairly to weigh Mr. Bly's "proofs," and in our judgment they have amounted thus far, to very little indeed.

The letter and witness brought from Milford, with which Mr. B. was very confident he should "break down" Mr. Mansfield, proved a total failure. The committee, after carefully dissecting the envelope, decided, five to one, there was no evidence of its having been opened by any body, much less by Mr. Mansfield. The sixth committee man decided that it *might* not have been opened—though the fact that he has long been a stubborn opponent of Spiritualism should be taken into consideration in estimating the value of any opinion he might give. The evidence furnished by Bly's interviews with Mansfield were no more to the purpose. We have testimony that Mr. Mansfield, being in an unfavorable condition, sat for him only under protest, declaring that no reliance could be placed on anything that should be written and moreover stated that *he felt an influence from Bly* (instead of from spirits) when writing. There is reason to believe that Bly's own mind, acting on Mansfield's susceptible organism, produced the replies,and hence his *foxy* trap was simply sprung by himself. In any event, the result was no proof that Mr. Mansfield has not been, on other occasions, a medium for spirits.

The attempts to imitate other modes of alleged spirit-manifestation, as the ballot-test, etc., were equally futile. The gaping crowd, ignorant of the genuine phenomena, credulously swallowed Mr. Bly's reckless assertions, applauded his bungling tricks, and went away felicitating themselves that the humbug was all exploded at last! But no intelligent investigator could fail to see through the sham at once. The only clever thing done was the production of sounds by the snapping of one of the ligaments of the ankle joint. Mr. Bly facetiously remarked that "it took him three weeks to develope that ankle-joint into a rapping medium!" But the rappings so laboriously produced had very little resemblance to any that we have ever attributed to spirits.

Suffice it to say that if anybody has ever been so stupid as to be "converted" by such clumsy and transparent tricks as those exhibited by Mr. Bly, the sooner he becomes "*un*converted" the better, for his own credit and that of Spiritualism.

On Wednesday evening, Dr. Gardner, to test Mr. Bly's pretensions, stepped upon the platform and offered one hundred dollars, to be devoted to a charitable purpose, against an equal sum from Mr. Bly, provided the latter should free himself from ropes when tied as the Davenport boys had been. Bly at first declined, but at length, under the taunts of the audience, consented to stake half the proceeds of a public meeting against the Dr.'s offer. He agreed to meet Dr. G. on Saturday last to arrange for the meeting, but did not appear—nor had he reported himself at the time of writing. Has he, too, fled the field?

Warren Chase at Mercantile Hall.

Warren Chase lectured in Mercantile Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week. Various counter attractions tended to draw people in other directions, so that the attendance was small; but those who had the good fortune to be present enjoyed a rich treat. The first lecture was one of marked originality and powerful logic, on the subject of revelation, which he defined as the discovery and acquisition of scientific and historical truths. The argument went to prove that nothing is revealed which yet remains a subject of belief merely; that only is revealed which is a matter of knowledge.

The second lecture was on Individualism. We subjoin brief notes:—

"In union there is weakness; in individuality there is strength." This is the old sentiment reversed; but these words are but a repetition of those uttered by the eminent Prof. Hoadley on a recent occasion.—The idea involved, if carried out, would overthrow all existing institutions. But the speaker took this ground as that of the true Christian religion. Eighteen hundred years ago, an uneducated individual sprang up from obscurity and declared against the institutions of his time. He chose followers from the laboring classes and taught them the doctrine of individuality. He taught them to give preference to no men except so far as he individually acted up to the Divine law. He startled the religious doctors and aroused their prejudices; the result was, he, with many of his followers were brought to an ignominious death. But his doctrines still live. Yet, how they have been perverted, so as to become a curse rather than a blessing.

From the day that the emperor Constantine united the Church to the State has it been a means of tyranny and wrong. It has been used to keep the people in ignorance and to bring them into more abject servitude; it has cursed and anathematized men and cast them into hell; it has marked its course with oppression and ruin. Look at Rome, at all Italy, and Spain—crushed down by what? Their religion. Yet Spain is to-day the most religious nation in Europe. The Infidel revolutions in France and the Rationalism of Germany have saved those countries from a similar fate. Had the Church in England controlled the government, that nation would have fallen ere now. Yet even there it shares with the ruling power in keeping up an oppressive system of taxation which binds the masses in poverty and ignorance.

In America the Church has not united with the government; it therefore depends on public sentiment for its power. Hence, it seeks popularity by pandering to the institutions of the country and attacking no organic sins—defending Slavery where it is popular and building itself up on it, and upholding other sins in other sections. In the North the beseting sin is lying, which the Church encourages rather than corrects. For instance, it is not expected of a religious editor to tell the truth about Spiritualism; if he were to do so he would lose his position in the Church. A man is not disciplined for constant lying in his trade. The Church will ask God's blessing over armies when going forth to wholesale murder; or implore Divine aid toward the most iniquitous work. Can this be pure New Testament Christianity? No; the time has come for a change. Almost invariably have reform movements been started outside of the sects;—till they became popular the churches would have nothing to do with them. The speaker found in Modern Spiritualism an element potent to dissolve these falsities and bring men back to the practice of the principles taught by Jesus. It brings facts which open the door of the other world, and show us that our every act in this life affects our future.

The Church, in battle array, with a Catholic right wing, a Unitarian left wing, and an Evangelical center, is marching against Spiritualism. But the powers of Heaven are with us, and nothing can prevail against us. The time is uncertain, but the result is sure. Even now Spiritualism prevails throughout the country, most where there is the most intelligence, least where there is most ignorance.

The Melodeon Meetings.

Large audiences attended on the ministrations of Miss AMEDY, on Sunday last. In the afternoon, after the singing of a very sweet hymn from the Psalms of Life by the choir, Miss A. arose and gave utterance to a devout and well expressed invocation. The address which followed had reference to the opening of the New Year, and urged the duty of progress in spirituality. It was founded on the passage, "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light." This text was explained, if we understood rightly, to describe that lofty state of spirituality, in which God, as the Spiritual Sun, shines through and illuminates the whole inner being. Until this is reached, there is more or less of darkness in the soul. The Father is calling upon all his children to seek the light, to know themselves. True Spiritualism reveals the spiral column which connects us with the land of spirits. So intimately interblended is spirit-life with this, that it is impossible to tell where our own actions end and spiritual influences begin. As we receive the baptism of the spirit, we come into clearer light; and as we advance in spirituality, we become conscious of the presence of the loved departed. If grounded in true Spiritualism, we shall welcome all exposure of imposture, and stand firm amid all opposition.

In the evening, the passages, "There is none that doeth good, no not one," and "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect," were taken up for exposition. It was urged that the seeming contradiction in these passages would be obviated by understanding that perfection is a thing of *degrees*, and that while we may be advancing towards perfection, yet we must be partially imperfect. The address embraced many excellent sentiments and exhortations to a spiritual life.

At the close, a poetic improvisation was attempted, on the subject of "Paradise Gained," proposed by a committee. The production seemed to afford great satisfaction to some, but would not bear criticism. Our advice would be that these improvisatorial displays be discontinued, as tending neither to convince skeptics nor to edify believers.

Miss Amedy's inspirations are pervaded by an elevated and devoutly religious tone, appealing strongly to the emotional nature, and thus meet the wants of a large class of hearers; but, like most trance-speakers, they lack that consecutiveness and coherency of thought which are required to give instruction to cultivated intellects.

BOSTON CONFERENCE.—The meeting on Monday evening last was well attended, and the discussion interesting. It was generally conceded that Spiritualism, in its tendency to awaken investigation and lead each person to think for himself, is doing a great good, irrespective of the question of its truth.

The topic for consideration at the next meeting is, "The proper Function of Government."

DR. REDMAN IN BOSTON.—It will be seen by his card elsewhere, that Dr. Redman has returned to Boston and is located at his former quarters. Those who are skeptical about his mediumship for spirits, can now have an opportunity to put the matter to the test.

Correspondence.

Some of the Facts.

The following from a responsible source, is but a sample of the testimony which can be produced from all quarters to show that Mr. Mansfield is not the mere trickster that some have affirmed him to be. Let every reader consider and weigh the evidence for himself.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Dec. 30, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—One would think, at this distance, that the Spiritualists were being exterminated, root and branch, judging from the reports of the *Courier* and *Herald*. But I have learned before this that Spiritualism is a hard thing to kill. We have undoubtedly some impostors in our ranks, and Mr. Bly's confessions before the N. Y. Conference have strengthened this belief. That Mr. Mansfield is a medium of very remarkable powers, I have no doubt. The testimony of a hundred Blys and Collagans cannot do away with the testimony which brought me to this belief, whatever else they may prove.

There is now a gentleman in our place, a resident of Buffalo, N. Y., who received an excellent test from Mr. Mansfield some ten days since. He is a shrewd and intelligent man, and was determined no deception should be practised upon him. Accordingly, he prepared a letter containing a number of questions to his deceased wife, and putting it securely in an inside pocket, called on the "spirit postmaster;" and, without receiving any information either as to the letter, or the name and residence of the gentleman, Mr. Mansfield did write out his proper name in full, and gave him a very satisfactory communication, including an excellent test in relation to a medium at Buffalo, which the gentleman has since proved by writing to that place: and closed by writing the proper name of his wife. Does Bly's exposition explain the answering of a letter in one's pocket?

But there is another case at hand, and of recent occurrence. A lady of this town of much intelligence and worth, and one of the most exemplary members of one of our churches, called at Mr. Mansfield's rooms and placed before him a closely sealed letter, containing about twenty interrogatories addressed to a relative in the spirit world. Mr. M.'s hand was controlled and answered three of the leading questions successfully, and gave all the names correctly. The intelligence then desired the lady to take the letter home and keep it safely, promising to come and control Mr. Mansfield at a subsequent time, to answer the rest of the questions. After three or four weeks had passed, the lady was much surprised at receiving from Mr. M. a lengthy communication, in which as many as twelve of the remaining questions were *clearly* and *distinctly met and answered*. Can Bly do this? The letter was not a moment in Mr. Mansfield's keeping, except in the lady's presence, and he never had any means of knowing a word of its contents, and yet he answered it completely and satisfactorily at a distance of one hundred miles.

D. G.

False Pretensions Exposed.

The following is from a responsible physician of this city, who is a Spiritualist. We know nothing of the person whose pretensions and misstatements are exposed. But so far as the statement bears upon "healing mediums in general," we venture to say that their diagnosis of disease and their prescriptions do not oftener come "wide of the wide," and prove utter failures, than do those of the medical faculty "in general."

SOUTH BOSTON, Dec. 1858.

DEAR BROTHER NEWTON:—If you think that justice or the public good require it, I hope you will give the following a place in your SPIRITUAL AGE. I am informed by several individuals that a man by the name of H. E. Atwood, a self-styled trance and healing-medium, is making bitter complaints against me. He says I came to him with a lock of hair from a patient of mine, and wished him to examine the case—that he did examine it,—delineated and described every symptom and gave to me a satisfactory diagnosis of the disease; that I then requested a prescription, which he gave; that I got it put up, gave it, and cured the lady, at once taking all the credit to myself, not even paying him his fee.

Now for the facts. I did clip a lock of hair from the head of a patient for the express purpose of testing these wonderful seers. Several examined it, and this notorious pretender among the rest. It was an utter failure all round; specially with him, for he did not give a symptom correctly. In fact, had he known all, he could not have gone wider of the mark. I told him so on the spot. Of course, I did not ask him for a prescription, neither did he give one as I can prove. Moreover the lady who got well so quick under the magic of his remedy, was a gentleman, and died soon after, as I told him he would.

So much for healing mediums in general, and H. E. Atwood in particular.

BENJ. WEEKS, M. D.

A New Trance Speaking Medium in the Field.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—After many urgent solicitations of the friends of Progress and Reform, Mrs. Mary M. Macomber, of Olneyville, R. I., has consented to enter the field as a speaker. Although she has never had the advantages of an education, yet by the aid of that inspiration that comes from the spirit-world, she has been enabled, wherever she has lectured, to give entire satisfaction. She has been laboring for the past four or five months in Eastern Conn., and her discourses, both theological and scientific, have universally been of a high order. Wherever the friends of Spiritualism engage her services they will be richly paid.

Respectfully yours, CHAS. W. BURGESS.

WEST KILLINGLY, Conn., Dec. 27th, 1858.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 31st.

Question: Have communications been received from the world of spirits, evincing a knowledge of past and passing events, which could not be referred to clairvoyance?

Dr. ORTON said: It was his opinion, and had been the common opinion of the world, that many such communications have been made. Of this class is all prophecy, whether the utterance of ancient prophets or modern prophets. There are modern prophecies which have received a fulfilment as exact as any of those recorded in the Bible. Some of the more remarkable of these had been connected with the history of France, and particularly with the French Revolution. Still, in determining the bearings of the question, much would depend on the signification which we give to clairvoyance. He should consider it in its popular sense, as simply clear-seeing—that is, seeing without the agency of the natural sight. It is contended by Dr. Gray that this cannot be done without the aid of a spirit in establishing and maintaining the condition. He, on the other hand, considered it a natural faculty of man. True, it is a spiritual faculty, and our spirits, of course, are in constant rapport with the spiritual world, which makes the state of clairvoyance possible; but this rapport is general; and though it may be also special, it is not necessarily so. Man can see spiritual things, by virtue of being a spirit himself. The race at its beginning, while it was not wiser with respect to intelligence, but purer, seems to have been endowed with spiritual sight; and he drew the conclusion from this—that such is the primitive nature of man, that he was intended to stand, as it were, on the boundary between natural and spiritual things, and to survey both, and hold companionship with the inhabitants of both planes, at the same time. The recent rapid opening of the interior sight, which we now witness, was an indication to him, that man, in his development, is returning, in this respect, to his primitive condition.

Dr. GOULD: Man has a double nature—a double faculty of sight; still, he was of the opinion, he could not use his spiritual sight without the aid of spirits. Sick persons see spirits more readily than others; but it is simply because they are more passive.

Mr. CARPENTER: Love is a principle self-existent and self-sustained, and accordingly is God. The more unadulterated love we have in ourselves, the more we shall be able to see and know of spiritual things. Will is love in motion. Wisdom is the outbirth or result of will. The nature of life in forms, is determined by the action of will, etc., etc.

Mr. WILSON: The evidence of the Scriptures goes to show that the aid of spirits is necessary to the development of clairvoyance; as in the case of Elisha, who prayed that the eyes of his servant might be opened. At the transfiguration on the Mount, also, spirits were present, and with John the Revelator at Patmos. In the case of a magnetizer and his subject, the external becomes deadened, which enables the operator to impress his thoughts on the other's brain. This is the same thing, only it is done by a spirit in the form. After having been magnetized, as in the case of A. J. Davis, one can go into the state, of himself; but it is still a question whether he can do this without the aid of spirits.

Mr. CARPENTER: A person in possession of Divine love, by becoming passive, can converse with minds in the form or out, at will. It is only necessary wholly to subdue self, in order to possess the powers of any angel. We must lay down the selfhood, and take up, so to speak, the Godhood. Then being in conjunction with the Divine mind and subject to it, we may have whatever we will, for we shall ask nothing but what is in accordance with His will.

Dr. GRAY: This is a question to be settled by facts. If the friend can show that God has communicated directly with him, all the world will rejoice.

Mr. CARPENTER: The proof of this condition is altogether internal. It cannot be shown to another, but must be felt by each one for himself.

Dr. GRAY: Clairvoyance, in his opinion, is in all cases spiritual. No one in the body can make use of his spiritual senses without the aid of spirits. Dr. Orton thinks differently. The apparent and the real are often very diverse. To appearance the sun rises and sets. We may think that God speaks directly to us; do we know it? We here have the power of transferring our states to one another. Hilarity and joy, and on the other hand, melancholy, are readily disseminated to all who may be in harmony with us at the time. And thus also, when we look above, with pure heart and act, the harmony and peace of the Divine mind is transferred to us. Hence the assertion of Jesus: Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name—that is, in my quality, in my form of ultimating uses and manifesting God in humanity—there am I in the midst.

Mr. BAKER: He had some facts bearing on the question. At one time he was visited by a medium, a stranger, when his wife was ill. They were standing by the side of her bed, the medium being at least a foot from the bed, when raps came on the foot-board, and the tune of Yankee Doodle was drummed out. Again, on another occasion he was sitting in a circle with a skeptic, who was conversing through the raps. Suddenly he sprang up exclaiming, "I believe;" when every door and window in the house was shaken, and rattled so that everybody there could hear it.

Dr. GRAY: If a human being can enter a trance state of himself, then we are gone, hook and line. There is no telling what a spirit cannot do. Many suppose themselves to be in a trance state when they are not.

Mr. CARPENTER: We live; we have light. It must come from some source. There must be one primal fountain which supplies all. Every person, therefore, is entranced by God—receives his thoughts from God—but the perfection with which he receives and utters them will depend on his organization—on the perfection of the machine. Several spirits may be piled on a man, then God speaks through all of them. When a man becomes so elevated that no spirit stands between him and God, then he will be infilled with high thoughts, and utter pure wisdom.

Dr. HALLOCK: Clairvoyance is attended with certain signs. Cicero, he believed, manifests an acquaintance with them; Shakspeare certainly does, in his play of Hamlet. It is certain that the state exists. People do see things without the external sight. Dr. Gray thinks this state cannot exist without the aid of spirits. Many cases in confirmation have been cited from the Scriptures and elsewhere. But is there anything outside of this? He thought there was. The playing of Yankee Doodle on the foot-board of the bed might be taken as an illustration. All this class of manifestations must be referred to spirits, and not to clairvoyance. He stood on a table, at one time, with two other men. They asked to be lifted, and were lifted, without the agency of muscles or machinery, or any other human power. This he called a veritable spiritual manifestation, because it could be referred to nothing else.

Mrs. FRENCH: A person at her house lost a valuable diamond ring. A servant girl was suspected. She was sitting near a table, when it raised five times, calling for the alphabet; and then it was spelled out that the ring was in a certain closet up stairs, between one of the shelves and the wall. The owner of the ring was directed to go there for it, and there he found it. So far as she was concerned, she was always placed in the clairvoyant state by spirits. She could not go into it of herself. On one occasion a committee placed in her hands, to deceive her, a lock of hair taken from ten different heads. Her eyes were closed, but she separated the parcels, and identified and described the individuals to whom each belonged. On Wednesday night last, beautiful music was heard at her house by all present; and afterwards, a long pair of paper shears, hanging on a nail, began to swing, and swung for forty minutes. Meanwhile she was impressed to say, "Mr. Ambler—Brooklyn;" soon after which a messenger arrived from Brooklyn after Mr. Ambler to attend the funeral of a deceased lady, Mrs. Witly, of that city. The movement of the shears was declared to have been produced by a friend of that lady, and on the following day, in the presence of several persons, at request, the swinging was repeated.

Mr. WILSON: At his house, in the day time, the noise of a hammer was heard; and afterward, it appeared that a carpet-hammer and paper of tacks had been left behind a door, which was thrown open against the wall, not leaving room for any one to stand; but there the nails were found driven into the wall, in such a way as to form the initials—three letters—of a lady's name.

Mr. ———: He was requested by a certain spirit to retire for an hour, and he would aid him in writing an essay. He did so, without having chosen a subject, and commenced writing, and wrote without any exercise of thought. In seven or eight days—one hour a day being devoted to the exercise—he had produced a well written and consecutive essay on Health, Happiness and Universal Peace, which had been approved by his friends, and which was certainly far superior to anything he could have produced by his own unaided powers. J.B.O.

Compend of Facts.

Providential Deliverance.

A lady had a very studious son, who was in the habit of sitting up for hours to read, after his family had retired to rest; to this, as he sat in the drawing-room, not practising the dangerous custom of reading in bed, his mother did not particularly object. The young man, too, was careful, and up to a certain period she had no apprehensions for the safety of the house. One night, however, her spirits became much depressed—a strong conviction possessed her mind that her son had gone to bed, leaving the candles burning on the drawing-room table; and though she had long retired to her chamber, something irresistibly impelled her to go down stairs and see: and she had no sooner opened the drawing-room door, than she beheld, to her utmost horror and alarm, a great body of fire occupying the centre of the room!—She summoned assistance; and, thus detected in its earliest stage, the conflagration was happily extinguished ere much mischief had been done; but it had indeed arisen from the young student having left the candles lighted, whose long, blazing and tallow-saturated wicks had dropped down the sides of the candlesticks, and fired the books and papers which lay on the table. The house must have been burnt down, had not the threatened danger been discovered in time: but who, we ask, prompted the lady to do that this night, which, confiding in her son's carefulness, she had never done before?—*Miss Marshall.*

Perilous Adventure and Rescue.

The Atlantic Messenger narrates the following incident as of recent occurrence:

Henry A. Bearse, son of Andros Bearse, (Centreville) was out on the beach gunning. He had shot some sea-fowl, which lodged at a distance from the shore, and embarked in a light, rickety boat to pick it up—was capsized in the attempt, and floated with the tide a good way across the bay toward Osterville before his situation became known to any one—managing in the meantime to keep his body well above water, by balancing himself astride the boat. He was first seen by a lady at Capt. James Lambert's (the men folks being away,) but not with sufficient distinctness to enable her to determine whether the object was animate or inanimate. At this fortunate moment Capt. Thomas I. Hinckley, of Barnstable, happened along, and the woman at once directed his attention to the solution of the mystery. A look through the spy-glass told the story to his practised eye instantly. Neighbors were quickly raised. A boat was found in the river, and dragged across the beach, in which they sped rapidly to his assistance. When they reached him, he was stiff, benumbed, and sleepy from the cold, and almost blind. He could not have sustained himself above water ten minutes longer. Indeed, had he not seen their preparations on the shore, he would have yielded and been lost some time before he was picked up; but seeing that aid was coming, hope revived within him, and he struggled against death till help came. Capt. Hinckley mentions that on his way through the village of Centreville he was seized by a strange, irresistible impulse to hasten on his way;—from what cause, those who believe in an over-ruling Providence, will be at no loss to understand. [Providence acts by means of instrumentalities; and among these are "ministering spirits."]

Called by the Angels.

This beautiful and touching incident is related by the New Orleans *Courier*:—

We are not fond of detailing the scenes of that last struggle with the great Archer, before mortality puts on immortality; but in a season like the present, where no one who is interested in the great charities of this city, fails daily to witness such events, now and then one occurs that is pleasing and instructive to relate:—Such was the death-bed scene of Emma B——. A flaxen-haired, bright-eyed, sunny-faced damsel of seven summers, was Emma—the light of her mother's household, and the favorite of all who knew her. The fever entered her family—a brother, a cousin, and an aunt went down into the dark valley before the pestilence developed itself in the life-blood of little Emma.

The disease was rapid in its progress, and yesterday we stood by the bed-side of the litle sufferer. Her tangled hair floated over her shoulders, the rose-tinted cheeks had become waxen, the great change was evidently near. Suddenly from a deep stupor she roused into an attitude of the utmost attention. The eye sparkled like a diamond in gas light, and a slight tinge of pink appeared on her cheek, as she sprang up whispering—

"Hark, the sky is full of music! It is the angels; they come into the room; they come around the bed. Oh! it is brother, cousin, aunt, and many, many more."

She stretched out her hand, her face dimpled with a heavenly smile, and with the exclamation, "I come!" she sunk back upon the bed.—The vital spark had fled, but there was no shadow of death there. A seraphic smile still dwelt on the features, which bore the same exultant expression as when she uttered, "I come," in response to the invitation of the angels. Death had daguerreotyped a smile as he gave life to another angel.

Wonderful Success of Clairvoyance.

The New London, Conn., *Daily Star* of the 28th ult. devotes over three columns to the minute particulars of a singular case which has excited much attention in that vicinity. We here condense the statement:

About twelve years since a little son of Capt. Franklin Smith of New London, was taken violently ill and thrown into spasms which continued for fifteen hours, in spite of the efforts of physicians. He remained dangerously ill about three weeks, after which he recovered in part, but has been subject to fits ever since that time. The paroxysms would recur in periods of eight to ten days, when he would have from five to nine fits in two days, frequently falling in the streets and other places. His father had consulted the most distinguished physicians in New York and elsewhere; had taken the child to the Sandwich Islands, Panama, etc., but to no effect. The boy's growth was impeded, not being larger than boys usually are at eight years of age.

Things went on in this way for twelve years, until the 7th of October last, when John R. Reade of Hartford, a powerful medium, was sent for by the family. On the evening of that day he made an examination in the clairvoyant state, during which he wrote that "the fits are produced by a species of snake in his stomach, which arrives at a certain growth, and when crowded with an excess of food or violent exercise it at once comes to the throat and produces strangulation, and will always do the same when the stomach is empty."

At this and subsequent examinations the medium described the appearance of the reptile, its position in the body, etc., and prescribed a treatment which was followed under the superintendence of Dr. Blood until Sunday morning 26th ult., when a successful result was reached. On that morning, after some injections were administered, which brought the head of the snake in view, it was extracted by Dr. Blood, the medium not being in the apartment at the time.

These facts are sworn to before a Justice of the Peace by Franklin Smith, C. F. E. Blood and John Johnson.

The *Star* says: "Capt. Smith, the father of the boy, is an old and well-known citizen, and is entirely above reproach. Dr. Blood has been a resident of this city for about a year, and so far as we know, bears an unblemished character. John Johnson is a young man in the employ of Capt. Smith.

"The residence of Capt. Smith has been crowded with visitors since Sunday morning to see 'the snake' and 'the boy,'people coming from adjoining towns. * * * It is but fair to say that Capt. Smith informs us that his little son is doing well, he has no doubt of his ultimate recovery, and he and his family and friends are justly elated at the prospect of a restoration to health of a child which for twelve years has been an object of mose than ordinary care, and the tenderest solicitude."

Capt. Ludlow's Premonition.

During the last voyage of the steamship Ariel from Havre to New York, her excellent but ill-fated commander, Capt. Ludlow, was struck by a sea which broke over the vessel during a gale, and instantly killed. Capt. Brown, his successor, informs the New York *Tribune* that Capt. Ludlow expressed the greatest reluctance at leaving Havre on that trip, feeling convinced some evil was near, and remarked that if his wife were with him he would remain at that port till next voyage. The same fears were expressed by him on leaving Southampton.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, JANUARY 8, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—G Houghton, H J Dadmun, S W Stuart, "Calvert," J E Orton, G S Burleigh, G Smith, L S Holden. I S M, E J Kenney, J French, A L Dixon, E Tallmadge, F Willson, H B Sullivan, W Wadsworth, M Perry, J M Lord, W E Higley, J R Abbee, N Chandler, S D Bowen, T Stanley, E Marsh, P Fuller, W Koch, C C Morgan, W B Smith, A Perrin, D Fisher, J M Blakesly, J G Richardson, G Whitney, E S Wheeler, W Norwood Jr, H Chapman, J N Blanchard, J H Rice, O Arms, A Phillips, W A Webster, E L Holley. J B Husted, T E Wakefield, E W Knight, J Bristol, D Johnson, H Foster, G W Hall, J Witt, P Cole, J Evans, D Gilchrist, M Swen, L Carpenter, J W Currier, J Barnes, D Warner, S Fish, J L Bird, N Orms, H C Pierce, J Cooper, "Consistency," T Van Tassel, E W Cole, B Pease, H P Fairfield, A Schull, M T Gardner, E Hardinge, B Brockway, E C Wyman, "Calvert," O B Emery, O H Wellington, H Snow, H Foster, J Fuller, J Noble Jr, J Phipps, H Pease, H Lillie, H S Brown, G D Henck, E Edson, C A Leach, J Smith.

NOTICE.—Persons who get up clubs for the AGE, in accordance with the terms of the circular sent them, will please indicate when they forward the list what work, if any, they will have forwarded as commission for their services.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—A limited number of short advertisements will be received in the AGE at the uniform rate of eight cents per line each insertion, *in advance*. Special notices twelve cents per line.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

The Boston Editors of the AGE, A. E. NEWTON and LEWIS B. MONROE, will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of the city.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER, trance speaker and test medium, continues to answer calls for lectures. Address, Lowell, Mass. 2—tf

H. P. FAIRFIELD, on account of illness, will *not* speak at the Melodeon next Sunday, as announced from the desk. His present address is Greenwich Village, Mass.

Dr. H. F. GARDNER will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of Boston on week evenings. Address at the Fountain House.

The Spiritualists of Quincy will hold a Levee in the Town Hall on Friday evening, 14th inst. The entertainments will consist of speaking, music, tableaux and dancing. Hall's popular Quadrille Band is engaged for the occasion.

JAMES H. HARRIS, impressional speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays. Address Box 99, Abington, Mass. tf4*

E. S. WHEELER, inspirational speaker and improvisator, will lecture in Norwich, Conn., Jan. 16th, and may be addressed till Jan. 15th. at New Bedford, Mass.

THE LADIES' HARMONIAL BAND will give their last party for the present season at Union Hall, on Thursday evening, 13th inst.

W. W. PERRY will lecture at Stoughton, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 9th. Address at North Bridgewater, Mass., Box 92.

MRS. MARY M. MACOMBER, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of Progress may desire. Address Olneyville, R. I. 2—4t

JABEZ C. WOODMAN, Esq., will address the Spiritualists of Newburyport on January 9th.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Somerville, Conn., Sunday Jan. 9th; in Northampton, Mass., Jan. 16th; in Norwich, Conn., Jan. 23d; in New York, Jan. 30th, and in Binghamton the month of February. Should the friends in the vicinity of Binghamton desire it, and make early applications, she will spend a few months with them. Address until Jan. 9th, "Willard Barnes Felton, Somerville, Conn.;" from 9th to 20th, Northampton, Mass.

H. B. STORER, inspirational medium, will lecture at the following times and places: Utica, Jan. 9th; Oswego, N. Y., 16th; and the four Sundays in February at Providence, R. I. Friends desiring week-day lectures in the vicinity of the last-mentioned places, can direct applications to him at those post offices.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture at the West in January; in February at Boston; in March, at Philadelphia; in April, at New York; in May and June at Worcester, Mass., Providence, R. I., Portland, Me. and Troy, N. Y., together with such adjacent places, on week-day evenings, as her time and strength will allow. Those who do not know how to address her at the various cities she visits, should send letters to her residence, 194 Grand St., New York, from whence they will be punctually forwarded.

LORING MOODY will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations in Harwich, Sunday, Jan. 9th; Mattapoisett, Friday, 14th; New Bedford, Sunday, 16th; and on intervening evenings in neighboring towns or villages. ☞ Will friends of truth see that all needful arrangements are made?

GEORGE STEARNS, author of "The Mistake of Christendom," will answer calls, any direction, to lecture on the various Impositions of Ecclesiastical Authority, as well as on the Rational Evidence of Life after death, and Prospective Happiness therein. Address, until further notice, West Acton, Mass.

LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM.—The following are among the topics for the discussion of which the subscriber offers his services to the public:

1. Objections against Spiritualism by believers in the Bible.
2. Spiritualism defined and proved from the Bible to have existed during the first 4000 years of the world's history.
3. Modern Spiritualism a revival of Primitive Christianity.
4. The Philosophy of Communion with Disembodied Spirits.
5. The Uses of Spiritualism.
6. The Abuses of Spiritualism.
7. False and injurious views of the Bible.
8. Inspiration, general.
9. Human Reason the ultimate authority in matters of Faith and Practice.
10. God, Man, and the Devil.
11. Philosophy of Religious Revivals.
12. Spiritual Growth.
13. Our enemies our advocates.

Lectures on the above topics will be furnished singly or in courses of five and six lectures each. 1—4t Address, office of *Spiritual Age*, JOHN HOBART.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDY will probably will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS AT No 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

Dr. G. A. REDMAN has arrived in the city, and will receive visitors at his former residence, 45 Carver street. Hours—9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P M. A Public Circle will be held every Thursday evening, from 7 1-2 to 9 1-2. 1—tf

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, may be addressed at No. 3 Winter street, Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store).

TERMS—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps to pay return postage, for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum.

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No letters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 39 tf

Miss M. MUNSON No. 13 Lagrange Place, Boston. 34

Mrs. WATERMAN, Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 12 Eliot street. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

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Interesting Miscellany.

THE GHOST OF PETER MASSE.

A "SHORT YARN" BY HIS SHIPMATE.

I believe in ghosts. My readers may laugh, and look wise, and feel, as of course they do, and will feel, something more than incredulous. Let them laugh, and scowl wisdom, and sneer incredulity, barely read the title of my story, and pass over to the telegrams; yet here am I at my quadrant table, for it describes a quarter circle, and the angle fits the corner of my little back room, full of faith, perfectly stubborn, convinced and convicted that I saw the "ghost of Peter Masse."

And why may I not have seen the ghost of Peter Masse? If wooden tables dance, and spirits knock on ceilings and floors, with a shock that betokens more of solid than ethereal, —if chairs stand on one leg, and then two chairs waltz,—if alphabetical invisibles know and tell your history and mine, your family fortune and hope and disappointment and love, and mine also,—if I should say all these things be visible, and audible, and credible, why may I not have had one glimpse of the cause?

I confess I am skeptical about chair-waltzes, and table-dances, and why? because I have never been able to *see* them; but I *did see* the ghost of Peter Masse!

"Four bells struck as the good barque Bonita dashed along before the genial southerly winds. Nine days and nights had the starboard fore-topmast-stu'n' sail stood with only a pull on the tack or sheet and an occasional "hauling taut" of the braces. The moon was full, and at intervals lit the warm tropical sea as the light scud of the "South East trades" swept northward and pointed out our homeward track. I had passed the first two hours of my watch, listening to the "yarns" of the cook, a sable six-footer, of infinite tact at yarns, withal a plucky giant, an expert boxer, of course good-natured, and, I am happy to add, my steadfast friend. The watch to which I belonged, the "starboard," were asleep in the forecastle, as I should have been "in the line of duty," but, boylike, I had been beguiled by the stories of my sable friend.

Our forecastle was a "t'gallan' for'cassle"—that is, forward, on deck—convenient for noise, and especially convenient for polite calls to "lend a hand at the fore-top-sail hal'yards" in the forenoon watch below.

"Four bells"—ten o'clock! I looked out on the bright sea, upward at the moon and the scud, and then walked around the windlass to my bunk in the forecastle.

Down through the centre of the Bonita's forecastle came two great twin posts, banded together by bars of oak, and facetiously termed "bitts." To the side of one of these was fixed a little wooden elbow, the fore arm of which turned up and formed a rest, and upon this, fitted and turned the tube of our "petticoat lamp." Blessed little lamp! little petticoat lamp reminding us—not the lamp alone, but its epithet—of home and parlors, and carpets, and gas-light, and more—"eight hours below" every night. Reminding us of laughing cousins —girls, of course—and their white-throated mates, singing like birds, and then then the old parlor dance at home, *full* of petticoats! O, you mischievous, suggestive petticoat lamp, shining in the little forecastle away at sea—shining on bunks full of sound-asleep sailors in red shirts, with now and then a leg of tarry trousers hanging over the berth-board,—and yet you are a memorable lamp, for you shone upon the ghost of Peter Masse.

Who was Peter Masse? Ah, true, who was he? Have I been wearisome reaching him? Remember this is a "short yarn." Peter was my shipmate, a handsome Italian sailor from Trieste, he told us—a dark, brown-eyed, sun-colored, thorough seaman, with full black beard and very white teeth, and great brawny arms printed with flags, and mermaids, and initial letters of sacred meaning, all in vermillion and India ink. He was the "sailor-man" of the ship, but when we arrived in the La Plata, Peter disliked the monotony of the Bonita, and sailed away one dark night up the Paraguay to Rosario, where our great war-ships are now going with their "peace-makers." I never saw Peter afterwards. He inconsiderately left his seaman's chest and clothes, his blankets, his palm-mattrass and his Italian Bible, and they were sold at auction on the quarter-deck, after forty-eight hours. This was the last of real, talking, acting, corporeal, tangible Peter, and yet I saw the ghost of Peter Masse.

As I said before, for this is a "short yarn," when "four bells" struck, I walked around the windlass to the forecastle. I was sleepy—anxious to "turn in." I reached the door of the forecastle, thoughtless of anything but sleep. I looked in. There the faithful lamp burned brightly, and beneath, facing from me, sat the figure of a man. He wore a white shirt and dark navy trousers, and was evidently busy repairing some article of clothing, as I judged by the quick backward and forward motion of his right arm. All was still, and I looked breathless. There were the dark whiskers, the short, square body, the curly black hair,—the very image and self of Peter Masse! I called out, "Peter," although I knew we had left him in the La Plata, and had sold his clothes thousands of miles astern. The figure replied not, nor turned. The head was bowed, and the right arm busily going backward and forward! Then the *white shirt!* There was no such thing in the ship. Captain Block had white shirts, but the brown stripes running through body and sleeves rendered them white only by courtesy—only because they were not red!

I turned in a fright, and ran around to the galley. The stalwart cook, lantern in hand, was in the act of fixing upon the door his famous Chinese padlock, proof against the wires, and keys, and tricks and ingenuity of sailors, for that galley contained stray bits of pie, real cabin pie, and cold, sweet junk for to-morrow morning's "skous," and delicious rims of Indian pudding, sticking to the sides of the bake-pan, Jack's tit-bit; but Jacob, the cook, sprung the Chinese lock, and all was safe for the morning.

"Doctor," whispered I,—(we call the cook, doctor, on board ship)—"Doctor, come here," and he followed me around the windlass to the door of the forecastle. Within was the faithful lamp, and beneath it sat the figure in the white shirt. We stood and listened, and looked. No sound broke the stillness, save the deep breathing of the tired watch, but full before us still sat the man in the white shirt, with the arm busy plying backward and forward. Jack pulled me back, back, back to the end of the windlass and held me there.

The black giant trembled from head to foot as he leaned over and whispered, "He is dead; that is the ghost of Peter Masse!" And then the cook and his lantern went swiftly and softly aft to the cabin, and I was alone!

I looked about me. Bill was fast asleep between a spare spar and the bulwarks. There, on the top of the forecastle stood the man "on the look out," making a dark bunch against the starry sky. I heard the rush of the ship's stem against the sea, and turned again towards the door of the forecastle. There was no light. I passed to the door. All was dark within. I passed—and yet there was my shipmate on the "look out" wide awake, and close at hand. I went into the forecastle, fumbled in the match-box, struck to flame the little lamp, and there lay the watch, sleeping as sailors only sleep—in their red shirts—and there and here a leg of canvas trousers thrown over the berth-board. There was no Peter Masse, no white shirt—no busy arm, and yet five minutes before, I had seen the ghost of Peter Masse—and the cook said so, and he saw the same ghost!

"Five bells" struck, and I lay in my flannel shirt in my bunk amid the sleeping watch.

This was no optical delusion. Optical delusions arise from peculiar excitement of the brain, occasioned by immediate causes. Of all the mental phenomena, these are perhaps the most readily and satisfactorily explained. Had the cook told me of apparitions, and spirits, of which the store of sea tales is so full, then I might in delusion have conjured up the ghost of Peter Masse; but Jacob had spoken to me of actual matter of fact, simple experiences, tinctured with nothing of the horrible or incredible. I went to the forecastle, tired and sleepy, with stupid brain and no imagination, and after all there sat the ghost of Peter Masse.

The next day, we saw a fast-sailing-brig, away up "to windward," going two knots to our one. We signalled, the brig answered, and we knew she was the Victor, which we had left in the La Plata, but her speed soon left us "hull down," and she reported us to the Boston pilots a week before we arrived.

Up to the equator, with its light baffling winds, and frequent squalls—then Northward into the "North-East trades," and we bowled along, sighted the little humps of the Bermudas, and finally let go the anchor "at home." As I stepped upon the wharf, I met Frank Tiller, the Marbleheaded man, one of the crew of the Victor. "How are ye, Jack," said the seaman, holding out his hand, "did you hear about Peter?"

"No," said I, "what of him?"

"Why," said he, "Peter was killed by a Spaniard at Rosario a fortnight after you sailed."

Then I *knew* I had seen the ghost of Peter Masse!—*Gazette.*

THE PRINCE AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Tacitus informs us that while Tiberius was exiled at Rhodes, in the reign of Augustus, he used to take pleasure in consulting with fortune-tellers upon the summit of a very high rock close to the sea; and if from their answers he conceived any surmise of their ignorance or imposture, he gave immediate order to one of his slaves to hurl them down, as a just punishment.

On a certain day when Tiberius was interrogating on this summit, about futurity, one Thrasyllus, a man famous in his profession, he took care to promise to the prince Rome's imperial sceptre, with every kind of prosperity.

In return for so obliging a prediction, the other made this further question: "Since you are so knowing, friend, can you tell me how long you are to live in this world?"

Thrasyllus, alarmed with reason, and much perplexed by such a question, whose tendency he very well understood, set about examining, or seemed to examine (and without change of countenance) the aspect and position of the stars at his birth; but soon after let the prince see a dawn of surprise, followed by a spreading terror on his countenance, and said that to the best of his judgment he was menaced that very moment with some imminent danger.

Tiberius, charmed with his answer, embraced him, bid him dismiss all fear, looked upon him afterwards as an oracle, and enrolled him among the number of his friends.

WE CAN'T SPARE YOU YET, PHILIP.

On a certain occasion a messenger was sent to Luther to inform him that Melancthon was dying. He at once hastened to his sick bed, and found him presenting the usual premonitory symptoms of death. He mournfully bent over him; and robbing gave vent to a sorrowful exclamation. It roused Melancthon from his stupor, he looked into the face of Luther, and said, "O, Luther, is this you, why don't you let me depart in peace?"

"We can't spare, you yet, Philip," was the reply, and turning round, he threw himself upon his knees, and wrestled with God for his recovery for upwards of an hour. He went from his knees to the bed and took his friend by the hand. Again he said, "Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?"

"No, no Philip, we cannot spare you yet from the field of labor," was the reply.

He then ordered some soup, and when pressed to take it he declined, again saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?"

"We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. He then added, "Philip, take this soup, or I will excommunicate you."

He took the soup: he commenced to grow better, he soon regained his wonted health, and labored for years afterwards in the blessed cause of Reformation. And when Luther returned home he said to his wife with joy, "God gave me my brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer."

KIND WORDS.—Some good-hearted person well says:

"Kind words are looked upon like jewels in the breast, never to be forgotten, and perhaps to cheer by their memory, a long, sad life; while words of cruelty, or of carelessness, are like swords in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars which will be borne to the grave by their victim. Do you think there is any bruised heart which bears the mark of such a wound from you? If there is a living one which you have wounded, hasten to heal it; for life is short—to-morrow may be too late."

"Eliza, my child," said a prudish old maid to a pretty niece who would curl her hair in pretty ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself."

"So he did, Aunty, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

TRUST GOD.—I could write down twenty cases, says a pious man, when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I my own will, would have led to extensive mischief.

A lady who was a strict admirer of etiquette, being unable to go to church, on Sunday, sent her card.

Poetry and Sentiment.

AT SEA.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

The night is made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast, and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep;
Childlike as then, I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels;
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels,
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!
O promise of my soul!—
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own, with love and tender awe,
Yon perfect type of faith and law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light:
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant: I cross my palms,
Happy as if, to-night,
Under the cottage roof again
I heard the soothing summer rain.—*Atlantic.*

NEAR THEE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I would be with thee—near thee—ever near thee—
Watching thee ever, as the angels are—
Still seeking with my spirit-power to cheer thee,
And then to see me, but as some bright star,
Knowing me not, but yet oftimes perceiving
That when thou gazest I still brighter grow,
Beaming and trembling—like some bosom heaving
With all it knows, yet would not have thee know.

I would be with thee—fond, yet silent ever,
Nor break the spell in which my soul is bound;
Mirrored within thee as within a river;
A flower upon thy breast, and thou the ground!
That when I died and unto earth returned,
Our natures never more might parted be;
Within thy being all mine own inurned—
Life, bloom and beauty, all absorbed in thee!

Somebody has called childhood "a rosy lawn between the cradle and the school-house."

There are some happy moments in this lone
And desolate world of ours, that well repay
The toil of struggling through it, and atone
For many a long sad night and weary day.
They come upon the mind like some wild air
Of distant music, when we know not where,
Or whence the sounds are brought from; and their power,
Though brief, is boundless. HALLECK.

Our tempers are like an opera-glass, which makes the object small or great, according to the end you look through.

When e'er a noble deed is wrought,
When e'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds,
Thus help us in our daily needs
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low! LONGFELLOW.

Liberty is the soul's right to breathe, and when it cannot take a long breath, laws are girded too tight.—*Beecher.*

There is strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found? MRS. HEMANS.

Your emptiness is but the preparation for your being filled; and your casting down is but the making ready for your lifting up.

"Some falls are means the happier to rise."

To love something more than one's self—that is the secret of all that is great; to know how to live for others—that is the aim of all noble souls.

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